THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

"THIS IS A GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE, FOR THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE."—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

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THE DRUNKARD'S DREAM.

BY JOSIE E. BUBBINS.

"Why, Edward, you look healthy now;
Your clothes are neat and clean;
I never see you drunk around;
Tell me where you have been?
Your wife and children, too, look well,
You once did use them strange;
But you are kinder to them now,
Whence came this happy change?"

"It was a warning voice, a dream,
Which heaven sent to me,
To save me from a drunkard's curse,
Grim want and misery!
My wages all were spent in drink—
Oh what a wretched view—
It almost broke poor Mary's heart,
And starved my children, too!

"My Mary's form did waste away,
I saw her sunken eye,
On straw my babes in sickness lay,
I heard their wailing cry!
I laughed and sang in drunken glee,
Whilst Mary's tears did stream,
Till like a brute I fell asleep
And had this warning dream:

"I thought I staggered home one night,
All was silent gloom;
My wife not there—where could she be—
And strangers in the room!
I heard them say, "Poor thing, she's dead!
She led a wretched life,
Grief and want has been her death!
Who'd be a drunkard's wife?"

"I saw my children weeping round,
I scarcely drew my breath;
They pressed and kissed her lifeless form
Forever cold in death!
"Oh, father, wake her up!' they cried,
'The people say she's dead!
Oh, make her speak to us once more,
We'll never cry for bread!'

"'She is not dead!' I frantic cried,
And rushed to where she lay,
I clasped and kissed her lifeless lips
Forever cold as clay!
'Oh, Mary! speak to me once more,
I'll never give you pain,
I'll never grieve your loving heart,
Nor ever drink again!

"'Oh, Mary, speak! 'tis Edward calls!'
'And so I do,' she cried!
I woke, and lo! my Mary dear
Was kneeling at my side!
I pressed her to my throbbing heart,
Whilst Mary's tears did stream;
And ever since I heaven blessed
For sending me that dream!"

CONCORD, MO., January, 1881.

ARDKILL COTTAGE
OR,
A Mother's Revenge.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER VII.

FATHER MARTY'S HOSPITALITY.

Mrs. O'Hara said not a word to Kate of the doctrines which the priest had preached, but she found herself encouraged to mention their new friend's name to the girl. During Fred's absence hardly a word had been spoken concerning him in the cottage. Mrs. O'Hara had feared the subject, and Kate had thought of him much too often to allow his name to be on her tongue. But now as they sat after dinner over their peat fire the mother began the subject. "Mr. Neville is to dine with Father Marty on Thursday."

"Is he, mother?"

"Barney Morony was telling me that he was back in Ennis. Barney had to go in and see him about the boat."

"He won't go boating such weather as this, mother?"

"It seems that he means it. The winds are not so high now as they were in October, and the men understand well when the sea will be high."

"It is frightful to think of any body being in one of those little boats now." Kate ever since she had lived in these parts had seen the canoes from Liscannor and Lahinch about in the bay, summer and winter, and had never found any thing dreadful in it before.

"I suppose he'll come up here again," said the mother, but to this Kate made no answer. "He is to sleep at Father Marty's I fancy, and he can hardly do that without paying us a visit."

"The days are short and he'll want all his time for boating," said Kate with a little pout.

"He'll find half an hour, I don't doubt. Shall you be glad to see him, Kate?"

"I don't know, mother. One is glad almost to see any one up here. It's as good as a treat when old Corcoran comes up with the turf."

"But Mr. Neville is not like old Corcoran, Kate."

"Not in the least, mother. I do like Mr. Neville better than Corcoran because you see with Corcoran the excitement is very soon over. And Corcoran hasn't very much to say for himself."

"And Mr. Neville has?"

"He says a great deal more to you than he does to me, mother."

"I like him very much. I should like him very much indeed if there was no danger in his coming."

"What danger?"

"That he should steal your heart away, my own, my darling, my child." Then Kate, instead of answering, got up and threw herself at her mother's knees, and buried her face in her mother's lap, and Mrs. O'Hara knew that that act of larceny had already been perpetrated.

On the third day after his arrival at Ennis, Neville was at Liscannor with the priest. The dinner at the priest's was very jovial. There was a bottle of sherry and there was a bottle of port, procured chiefly for the sake of appearance, from a grocer's shop at Ennistimon; but the whisky had come from Cork and had been in the priest's keeping for the last dozen years. He good-humoredly acknowledged that the wine was nothing, but expressed an opinion that Mr. Neville might find it difficult to bear the "sperrits." "It's thrue for you Father Marty," said the rival priest from Milltown Malbay, "and it's you that should know good sperrits from bad if ony man in Ireland does."

"'Deed, thin," replied the priest of Liscannor, "barring the famine years, I've mixed two tumblers of punch for meself every day these forty years, and if it was altogether it'd be about enough to give Mr. Neville a day's sale-shooting on in his canoe." Immediately after dinner Neville was invited to light his cigar, and every thing was easy, comfortable, and to a certain degree adventurous. There were the two priests, and a young Mr. Finucane, from Ennistimon, who, however, was not quite so much to Fred's taste as the elder men. Mr. Finucane wore various rings, and talked rather largely about his father's demesne. But the whole thing was new, and by no means dull. As Neville had not left Ennis till late in the day, they did not sit down till past eight o'clock; nor did any one talk of moving till past midnight. Fred certainly made for himself more than two glasses of punch, and he would have sworn that the priest had done so also. Father Marty, however, was said by those who knew him best to be very rigid in this matter, and to have the faculty of making his drink go a long way. Young Mr. Finucane took three or four—perhaps five or six—and then volunteered to join Fred Neville in a day's shooting under the rocks. But Fred had not been four years in a cavalry regiment without knowing how to protect himself in such a difficulty as this. "The canoe will only hold myself and the man," said Fred, with perfect simplicity. Mr. Finucane drew himself up haughtily and did not utter another word for the next five minutes. Nevertheless he took a most affectionate leave of the young officer when half an hour after midnight he was told by Father Marty that it was time for him to go home. Father Creech also took his leave, and then Fred and the priest of Liscannor were left sitting together over the embers of the turf fire. "You'll be going up to see our friends at Ardkill to-morrow," said the priest.

"Likely enough, Father Marty."

"In course you will. Sorrow a doubt of that." Then the priest paused.

"And why shouldn't I?" asked Neville.

"I'm not saying that you shouldn't, Mr. Neville. It wouldn't be civil nor yet nathural after knowing them as you have done. If you didn't go they'd be thinking there was a rason for your staying away, and that'd be worse than all. But, Mr. Neville ——"

"Out with it, Father Marty." Fred knew what was coming fairly well, and he also had thought a good deal upon the matter.

"Them two ladies, Mr. Neville, live up there all alone, with sorrow a human being in the world to protect them, barring myself."

"Why should they want protection?"

"Just because they're lone women, and because one of them is very young and very beautiful."

"They are both beautiful," said Neville.

"'Deed and they are—both of 'em. The mother can look after herself, and after a fashion, too, she can look after her daughter. I shouldn't like to be the man to come in her way when he'd once deceived her child. You're a young man, Mr. Neville."

"That's my misfortune."

"And one who stands very high in the world. They tell me you're to be a great lord some day."

"Either that or a little one," said Neville, laughing.

"Anyways you'll be a rich man with a handle to your name. To me, living here in this out-of-the-way parish, a lord doesn't matter that." And Father Marty gave a fillip with his fingers. "The only lord that matters me is my bishop. But with them women yonder, the title and the money and all the grandeur goes a long way. It has been so since the world begun. In riding a race against you they carry weight from the very awe which the name of an English Earl brings with it."

"Why should they ride a race against me?"

"Why indeed, unless you ride a race against them! You wouldn't wish to injure that young thing as isn't yet out of her teens?"

"God forbid that I should injure her."

"I don't think that you're the man to do it with your eyes open, Mr. Neville. If you can't spake her fair in the way of making her your wife, don't spake her fair at all. That's the long and short of it, Mr. Neville. You see what they are. They're ladies, if there is a lady living in the Queen's dominions. That young thing is as beautiful as Habe, as innocent as a sleeping child, as soft as wax to take impression. What armor has she got against such a one as you?"

"She shall not need armor."

"If you're a gentleman, Mr. Neville, as I know you are, you will not give her occasion to find out her own wakeness. Well, if it isn't past one I'm a sinner. It's Friday morning and I mustn't ate a morsel myself, poor papist that I am; but I'll get you a bit of cold mate and a drop of grog in a moment if you'll take it." Neville, however, refused the hospitable offer.

"Father Marty," he said, speaking with a zeal which perhaps owed something of its warmth to the punch, "you shall find that I am a gentleman."

"I'm shure of it, my boy."

"If I can do no good to your friend, at any rate I will do no harm to her."

"That is spoken like a Christian, Mr. Neville, which I take to be a higher name even than gentleman."

"There's my hand upon it," said Fred, enthusiastically. After that he went to bed.

CHAPTER VIII.

I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO GO.

Mrs. O'Hara had known that he would come, and Kate had known it; and, though it would be unfair to say that they were waiting for him, it is no more than true to say that they were ready for him. "We are so glad to see you again," said Mrs. O'Hara.

"Not more glad than I am to find myself here once more."

"So you dined and slept at Father Marty's last night. What will the grand people say at the Castle?"

"As I shan't hear what they say, it won't matter much! Life is not long enough, Mrs. O'Hara, for putting up with disagreeable people."

"Was it pleasant last night?"

"Very pleasant. I don't think Father Creech is half as good as Father Marty, you know."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Kate.

"But he's a jolly sort of fellow, too. And there was a Mr. Finucane there—a very grand fellow."

"We know no one about here but the priests," said Mrs. O'Hara, laughing. "Any body might think that the cottage was a little convent."

"Then I oughtn't to come."

"Well, no, I suppose not. Only foreigners are admitted to see convents sometimes. You're going after the poor seals again?"

"Barney says the tide is too high for the seals now. We're going to Drumdeirg."

"What, to those little rocks?" asked Kate.

"Yes, to the rocks. I wish you'd both come with me."

"I wouldn't go in one of those canoes all out there for the world," said Kate.

"What can be the use of it?" asked Mrs. O'Hara.

"I've got to get the feathers for Father Marty's bed, you know. I haven't shot as many yet as would make a pillow for a cradle."

"The poor innocent gulls!"

"The poor innocent chickens and ducks, if you come to that, Mrs. O'Hara."

"But they're of use."

"And so will Father Marty's bed be of use. Good-bye, Mrs. O'Hara. Good-bye, Miss O'Hara. I shall be down again next week, and we'll have that other seal."

There was nothing in this. So far at any rate, he had not broken his word to the priest. He had not spoken a word to Kate O'Hara that might not and would not have been said had the priest been present. But how lovely she was, and what a thrill ran through his arm as he held her hand in his for a moment! Where should he find a girl like that in England with such color, such eyes, such hair, such innocence, and then with so sweet a voice?

As he hurried down the hill to the beach at Coolroone, where Morony was to meet him with the boat, he could not keep himself from comparisons between Kate O'Hara and Sophia Mellerby. Certain ideas occurred to him which his friends in England would have called wild, democratic, revolutionary, and damnable, but which, owing perhaps to the Irish air and the Irish whisky and the spirit of adventure fostered by the vicinity of rocks and ocean, appeared to him at the moment to be not only charming, but reasonable also. Then he gave the reins to some confused notion of an Irish bride, a wife who should be half a wife and half not, whom he would love and cherish tenderly, but of whose existence no English friend should be aware. How could he more charmingly indulge his spirit of adventure than by some such arrangement as this?

He knew that he had given a pledge to his uncle to contract no marriage that would be derogatory to his position. He knew also that he had given a pledge to the priest that he would do no harm to Kate O'Hara. He felt that he was bound to keep each pledge. As for that sweet, darling girl, would he not sooner lose his life than harm her?

During February and March he was often on the coast, and hardly one visit did he make which was not followed by a letter from Castle Quin to Scroope Manor. No direct accusation of any special fault was made against him in consequence. No charge was brought of an improper hankering after any special female, because Lady Scroope found herself bound in conscience not to commit her correspondent; but very heavy injunctions were laid upon him as to his general conduct, and he was eagerly entreated to remember his great duty and to come home and settle himself in England. In the meantime the ties which bound him to the coast of Clare were becoming stronger and stronger every day. He would come, when the tide was low, direct from Lahinch to the strand beneath the cliffs, from whence there was a path through the rocks up to Ardkill. And there he would remain for hours, having his gun with him, but caring little for his gun. He told himself that he loved the rocks and the wildness of the scenery, and the noise of the ocean, and the whirring of the birds above and below him. It was certainly true that he loved Kate O'Hara.

"Neville, you must answer me a question," said the mother to him one morning when they were out together, looking down upon the Atlantic when the wind had lulled after a gale.

"Ask it then," said he.

"What is the meaning of all this? What is Kate to believe?"

"Of course she believes that I love her better than all the world besides, that she is more to me than all the world can give or take. I have told her at least, so often, that if she does not believe it she is little better than a Jew."

"You must not joke with me now. If you knew what it was to have one child and only that you would not joke with me."

"I am quite in earnest. I am not joking."

"And what is to be the end of it?"

"The end of it! How can I say? My uncle is an old man—very old, very infirm, very good, very prejudiced, and broken-hearted because his own son, who died, married against his will."

"You would not liken my Kate to such as that woman was?"

"Your Kate! She is my Kate as much as yours. Such a a thought as that would be an injury to me as deep as to you. You know that to me my Kate, our Kate, is all excellence, as pure and good as she is bright and beautiful. As God is above us, she shall be my wife, but I can not take her to Scroope Manor as my wife while my uncle lives."

"Why should any one be ashamed of her at Scroope Manor?"

"Because they are fools. But I can not cure them of their folly. My uncle thinks that I should marry one of my own class."

"Class—what class? He is a gentleman, I presume, and she is a lady."

"That is very true—so true that I myself shall act upon the truth. But I will not make his last years wretched. He is a Protestant, and you are Catholics."

"What is that? Are not ever so many of your lords Catholics? Were they not all Catholics before Protestants were ever thought of?"

"Mrs. O'Hara, I have told you that to me she is as high and good and noble as though she were a Princess. And I have told you that she shall be my wife. If that does not content you, I can not help it. It contents her. I owe much to her."

"Indeed you do—every thing."

"But I owe much to him also. I do not think that you can gain any thing by quarreling with me."

She paused for awhile before she answered him, looking into his face the while with something of the ferocity of a tigress. So intent was her gaze that his eyes quailed beneath it. "By the living God," she said, "if you injure my child I will have the very blood from your heart!"

Nevertheless she allowed him to return alone to the house, where she knew that he would find her girl. "Kate," he said, going into the parlor in which she was sitting idle at the window, "dear Kate."

"Well, sir?"

"I'm off."

"You are always—off, as you call it."

"Well, yes. But I'm not on and off, as the saying is."

"Why should you go away now?"

"Do you suppose a soldier has got nothing to do? You never calculate, I think, that Ennis is about three-and-twenty miles from here. Come, Kate, be nice with me before I go."

"How can I be nice when you are going? I always think when I see you go that you will never come back to me again. I don't know why you should come back to such a place as this."

"Because, as it happens, the place holds what I love best in all the world." Then he lifted her from her chair, and put his arm round her waist. "Do you know that I love you better than all that the world holds?"

"How can I know it?"

"Because I swear it to you."

"I think that you like me—a little. Oh, Fred, if you were to go and never to come back I should die. Do you remember Mariana? 'My life is dreary. He cometh not,' she said. She said, 'I am aweary, aweary; I would that I were dead!' Do you remember that? What has mother been saying to you?"

"She has been bidding me to do you no harm. It was not necessary. I would sooner pluck out my eye than hurt you. My uncle is an old man—a very old man. She can not understand that it is better that we should wait than that I should have to think hereafter that I had killed him by my unkindness."

"But he wants you to love some other girl."

"He can not make me do that. All the world can not change my heart, Kate. If you can not trust me for that, then you do not love me as I love you."

"Oh, Fred, you know I love you. I do trust you. Of course I can wait, if I only know that you will come back to me. I only want to see you." He was now leaning over her, and her cheek was pressed close to his. Though she was talking of Mariana, and pretending to fear future misery, all this was Elysium to her—the very joy of Paradise. To have her cheek close to his was god-like. And then when he would kiss her, though she would rebuke him, it was as though all heaven were in the embrace.

"And now good-bye. One kiss, darling."

"No."

"Not a kiss when I am going?"

"I don't want you to go. Oh, Fred! Well—there. Good-bye, my own, own, own beloved one. You'll be here on Monday?"

"Yes—on Monday."

"And be in the boat four hours, and here four minutes. Don't I know you?" But he went without answering this last accusation.

"What shall we do, Kate, if he deceives us?" said the mother that evening.

"Die. But I am sure he will not deceive us."

Neville, as he made his way down to Liscannor, where his gig was waiting for him, did ask himself some serious questions about his adventure. What must be the end of it? And had he not been imprudent? It may be declared on his behalf that no idea of treachery to the girl ever crossed his mind. He loved her too thoroughly for that. He did love her; not perhaps as she loved him. He was almost a god to her. She to him was simply the sweetest girl that he had ever as yet seen, and one who had that peculiar merit that she was all his own. No other man had ever pressed her hand or drank her sweet breath. Was not such a love a thousand times sweeter than that of some girl who had been hurried from drawing-room to drawing-room, and perhaps from one vow of constancy to another for half a dozen years? The adventure was very sweet. But how was it to end?

When he reached Ennis that evening there was a dispatch marked "Immediate," from his aunt Lady Scroope. "Your uncle is very ill—dangerously ill, we fear. His great desire is to see you once again. Pray come without losing an hour."

Early on the following morning he started for Dublin, but before he went to bed that night he not only wrote to Kate O'Hara, but inclosed the note from his aunt. He could understand that though the tidings of his uncle's danger was a shock to him there would be something in the tidings which would cause joy to the two inmates of Ardkill Cottage. When he sent that letter with his own, he was of course determined that he would marry Kate O'Hara as soon as he was a free man.

(Continued next week.)

Written for THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

"SAL, HAS HE POPPED?"

BY J. A. M. BOREE.

About the year 1830, there resided between Bewleyville and the Meade county line, an easy-going old farmer named Bunsby, who, in addition to owning the nice and productive farm he occupied, was the father of a large family of girls, eleven all told.

The Bunsby girls were not only nice and honest—they were sprightly and industrious, working heartily and willingly wherever work was to be done, whether in field or kitchen. But they were one and all, more or less, cursed with the repellant gift of ugliness. This latter, however, they acquired honestly, for old Jack Bunsby in his day bore the proud distinction of being the ugliest mortal in Breckenridge county, while it was the stock joke of the Bewleyville funny men of fifty years ago that old Jack once upon a time bought a looking-glass to take home, as he said, in order to show his wife somebody uglier than himself. When she looked in it, so the story ran, her unique and unparalleled ugliness proved to be too much for the fragile mirror, which was shivered to pieces in the effort to hold her reflection. So, you see, the girls held good and indisputable title to their ugliness.

Beaux there were none for the Bunsby girls. They were their own escorts to the country meetings, and if they ever envied their more fortunate sisters as they witnessed their arrival at or departure from the meeting-house escorted by dapper and obsequious squires, they made no sign, but laughed and chatted pleasantly with their acquaintance, as though sweethearts and courting were things that had no place in their thoughts.

One day a young fellow from Brandenburg, who was running about among the farmers buying up produce to ship down the river to the southern markets, happened to stumble on Bunsby's house in time to enjoy old Jack's hospitality, than which there was no hearth in Kentucky where it was more free and open-hearted. Newspapers were a scarce commodity fifty years ago, and half the people of the country had to depend upon the chance visits of strangers for news of the world outside their own immediate neighborhoods.

It was well on to sundown when Mr. Lancaster—for such was the young man's name—arrived at old Jack's, and of course he was permitted to go no further that night. There was one of the Bunsby girls whom the remaining sisters styled "the beauty of the family," from the fact that her ugliness, while of pronounced character, was still less prominent than that of the others. She was the fifth daughter, and named Sarah, though universally known by the familiar nickname of Sal.

Sal Bunsby, when her features were in repose, was ugly as any body could desire to look upon, but let her get roused up by any thing in which she could take interest, and a surprising transformation of her features would occur. Her really fine eyes would light up until they were absolutely beautiful, her usually pale cheeks would flush rosily, and smiles and dimples chase each other all over her face, until, all animation, she would, for the moment, seem absolutely pretty.

Mr. Lancaster seemed to feel himself in duty bound to repay the hospitality of the Bunsbys by making himself as agreeable as possible, and as he had ample store of funny yarns, and knew how to tell them, he succeeded in winning the hearts of the entire family long before bed-time. Noticing a violin on a shelf devoted to its exclusive use, he asked old Jack if he played on it.

"No," said the old fellow, "I'm no hand with the fiddle, but Sal here is all fired handy with it. Tune up, darter, an' give the gen'lemun some chunes."

Playing the fiddle was poor Sal's one accomplishment, and she could play well, too, considering that it was a natural gift with her, and she had no instruction.

Unlike the young ladies of to-day, whom one has to coax and beg to play the piano until one feels like roundly boxing their jaws for their obstinacy, Sal got up, secured her beloved fiddle, tuned up, and soon filled the house with "Moneymusk," and many another good old dancing tune whose name I can not now recall. When she had run through her list, Mr. Lancaster complimented her on her skill, reached for the violin, and astonished them with many a new tune which he played with great skill.

Poor Sal seemed to hang entranced upon his music, and that was a moment, if there ever was one, when she was absolutely pretty. At least such was the thought of Mr. Lancaster as he watched her speaking countenance. At last, when he voluntarily promised to stop every time he came into the neighborhood and teach her all the new tunes, he then and there made her his willing captive.

Next morning when he left, the entire family really regretted his departure. Mrs. Bunsby thought he was the nicest young man she had ever met. Old Jack thought he was right peart. This girl thought him smart, that one said he was handsome, another had no doubt of his goodness. But it was Sal's heart that whispered to itself that he was all these and much more.

One or two of the tunes he had played lingered in her memory, and night after night she essayed them on her beloved violin, in order to astonish Mr. Lancaster when he came again. This fact led to the girls joking her considerably about her "beau," as they soon began to speak of Mr. Lancaster among themselves. But they could not annoy Sal. Whatever may have been her own thoughts on the subject, she kept them to herself. Day after day, with bright eyes and light steps, she would go about her work humming snatches of the tunes played by Mr. Lancaster, and at night reproduce them on the fiddle.

Two weeks from the time of his first visit Mr. Lancaster made his second appearance. And thus it came about that he visited Bunsby's regularly every fortnight, making their house his stopping place while transacting his business in the neighborhood. And also it came about that the family soon began to look upon him as Sal's exclusive property, and, on nights when he was under the roof, as if by mutual consent, the best room was surrendered to their exclusive use.

Ah! those were happy evenings in poor Sal's hitherto loveless life; and—truth must be told—they were not unhappy evenings to Mr. Lancaster, who had really fallen in love with Sal Bunsby.

There never was a set of people who took more interest in this courtship than the entire Bunsby family. Their disappointment was intense, when, after Mr. Lancaster's departure, they learned from Sal that he had not yet asked her to marry him. Each successive visit seemed to intensify their interest, until at last poor Sal began to be fearful that some of her sisters, through curiosity of their own or zeal for her, might burst into the room the next time Mr. Lancaster came and demand if he were going to marry their sister.

At length the climax came, but not in the way poor Sal had feared. It was about nine o'clock, and Sal and her beau were in the best room. Supposing that the family were in their beds, the fiddle had been dismissed to its shelf, and the two young people were sitting close together, as young people of opposite sexes naturally will under certain circumstances, and conversing in low tones in order not to disturb any one who might be endeavoring to sleep in adjoining rooms. After awhile Mr. Lancaster managed to get hold of one of Sal's hands, which she did not withdraw. Presently his arm stole around her waist, and somehow or other her head found a convenient and nice resting-place on his shoulder. His whispers were getting softer and lower as his lips approached closer to her cheek or her ear. Sal was very, very happy at that moment, when suddenly there was a light tap at the door. Springing to her feet, her face as red as fire, Sal ran to the door, opened it a little ways, and said, rather petulantly, I am afraid,

"Well, what is it?"

"Sal, has he popped?" was the reply, in what was intended to be a whisper, but which was loud enough for Mr. Lancaster to hear. It was one of the youngest sisters, whose curiosity could wait no longer.

"Nonsense!" cried poor Sal, as she closed the door with a bang.

Returning to her seat, the girl dared not look in her beau's face for very shame's sake.

It was not long before the lovers had resumed their affectionate attitude. Mr. Lancaster even went farther than he had yet ventured, and pressed a light kiss, half timidly, on her burning cheek. Sal nestled closer to him, and hid her blushing, happy face in his breast. Now folding both arms about her yielding form he drew her into a close embrace.

"Darling!" he whispered.

Another tap at the door. Sal raised herself to a sitting posture. A merry light twinkled in Mr. Lancaster's eyes and a smile played about his lips. The tap was repeated.

Again Sal went to the door and partially opened it.

"Sal, *has* he popped?" came the same whisper.

Sal vouchsafed no other reply than to slam the door viciously in the face of the intruder.

This time, as Sal was passing him to regain her chair, Mr. Lancaster caught her round the waist and drew her on to his lap.

"I 'pop' now, Sally," he said. "Will you marry me?"

"Oh, Mr. Lancaster!" cried the poor girl, bursting into tears, "what must you think of us!"

"I think we are a very comfortable couple," he said, wiping her cheeks and pressing a warm kiss on her lips.

"But I mean ——"

"To marry me, I hope," he interrupted.

"If you wish," was the happy girl's response, as she flung her arms about his neck.

Just then came another tap at the door.

"Let me answer this time," he said, placing her on her own chair and stealing over to the door on tiptoe before she could interpose an objection.

He opened it as Sal had done, very slightly.

"Sal, has he *popped?*" was the same whispered query.

Throwing the door wide open, Mr. Lancaster caught the anxious questioner in his arms and drew her into the room. "Yes, he *has* popped!" he exclaimed, "and now he pops (kiss), pops (kiss), pops (kiss), and pops (kiss) again!"

"Goodness gracious!" cried the astonished girl, as soon as she could catch her breath, and then she scampered out of the room as fast as her legs could carry her, to convey the welcome and hoped-for intelligence to all the balance of the family that Mr. Lancaster had really "popped."

A party of German Socialists and their families have settled in the southwestern part of Texas.

The Perry (Ga.) Home Journal says that the old plantation system, almost universal in Houston county before the war, has gone to its death, and small farms now constitute the order of agricultural work. There are very few ten-mule farms in Houston.

Written for THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.

BY OTIS.

Women, as a general thing, are considered the vehicle of peace on earth. We know of some ladies (not very few) who move in the first circles, and pretend to be refined, who would have but little peace within themselves if they knew the true estimate that gentlemen place upon them. They are the ones who flirt (at least think they do,) in order to get out the impression that they have had many offers of marriage—that they had never consented to give up their liberty—had never seen that man whom they would engage to honor and obey—and at the same time that was what they were working for. They think that smartness and wit come from a well-oiled tongue, that can catch all the "slang phrases" that originate with negroes and loafers—that these give piquancy to a joke, thereby enabling them to make a good impression and win some great prize. How sadly you are mistaken, ladies, if you think thus. We have heard some of the young men talk, and will tell you just what good it does. All such renders you profoundly uninteresting, and the thermometer of a young man's regard rests at the "moderate" point of friendly backbiting. How harsh and unrefined does a slang phrase sound when it comes from the lips of a lady. How it grates upon the ears of a refined gentleman. You ought to be able to see, at a superficial glance, that he visits you only to sweeten his heart with simple joys, but never to make you his wife. It is true that such ladies can sometimes conduct a conversation very well, and occasionally dabble a little in authorship, though it is understood that she can't well put forth the powers of her mind without dashing in some of her "witty slang," which will make a fatal blank in her life.

There are many things to bear in every condition of life, but nothing should induce woman to do any thing that is calculated to mar her future happiness, but to live for the blessed hours of hope, joy, and peace, that will fill the whole soul if she is bent toward the attainment of purity and holiness. Look for that guidance that comes only from Heaven. Dismiss all that is unrefined from your minds, and transport your imagination to a woman that could be called "a peace on earth." She is the pure good woman that is calculated to do so much good if she would only exert her influence at all times. She has it in her power to lift fallen man, but she takes the wrong step when she accepts the company of a young man when his breath is fumed with whisky. If a young man has no more respect for himself and the lady to ask for her company in this condition, she should by all means emphatically refuse his attentions. How sadly true it is that many drinking men have good wives, and they are as fit for them as dogs are for association with angels. "Evil communications corrupt good manners." Association has a great deal to do with match-making. Therefore, a lady should not receive the attentions of a man that is addicted to drink, for after a taste has been formed it is rarely ever cured. If she would set her "veto" on this one thing, there would be less drinking as sure as there is a Heaven. Then woman could realize how much power she did have to lift fallen men, and do great good in many other respects. Neither should a lady receive the attentions of any man whom she does not consider her equal.

"A life of beauty lends to all it sees
The beauty of its thought,
And fairest forms and sweetest harmonies
Make glad its way unsought."

LEITCHFIELD, KY., January, 1881.

LEITCHFIELD.

Business is good.

Warmer than it "were."

Parties every few nights.

We are glad that the sleighs can take a rest.

Court is still in session. The first week passed off very quietly. There was but little fighting, little drinking, little betting, little horse swapping, and little of every thing else.

We have had no skating this winter. The girls and boys are afraid of being "baptized."

A donation party was given at the parsonage two weeks ago, which resulted in a great many good things.

It is a pity that some other people can't dream a dream of warning, as did "Harry Glover."

Mr. George Heyser, of McDaniels, who has been very sick with "rismetism," returned home last week to business.

Prof. C. T. Atkinson and Miss Nona McClure were married on the 13th inst. They left for Kansas on the 25th, where they will spend the rest of their honeymoon.

Mr. Joe Parsons, of McDaniels, is seen in town right often of late. We wish him success, if the lawyer is against him.

Mr. H. S. Roberts, who has been a widower for three months, was married again two weeks ago to his third wife.

Miss E. P—— can tell you the name of the young man with the sweetest face. Be careful, Miss E. Some others like that sweet face.

The first cold we have had this winter was taken while reading the "Cloverport Tragedy." Happy to inform you that it only lasted until we reached the bottom of the page.

"Blue Jeans," didn't you know that" Kit Dat" only lived two weeks, and "Kepsy" three or four?

Lawyer James Montgomery, of Elizabethtown, was here last week attending court. He was our judge for a few days at the request of Judge T. R. McBeath. Mr. Montgomery made many warm friends during his short stay.

"Gypsy," you are "Gay" making us wait a year for another one of your thrilling letters. Don't die and then rise again, as did one of the Big Spring clerks. If you are dead, remain until the resurrection.

The mask party given at the residence of Mrs. R. E. Yates was a most enjoyable affair. The girls, after being successively disguised in sheets and false-faces, were auctioned off to the highest bidder. Their turbans were made of pillow-cases, the corners of which were tied up to imitate mules' ears, and they were sold for the stock they so well resembled. The young gentleman were so averse to getting such stock that one was knocked off at the low rate of fifteen cents, which was happily found out to be a "F.E." mule. The occasion was one long to be remembered, especially on the part of the fortunate purchasers. The money was donated to the Baptist church.

SHADOW